41: Bates & Abbott N-5 (1953) 1958
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to him. This arrangement worked well, and soon the concert was in full swing. I watched for a while from the side lines, caught by the contrast of the brown, naked bodies sprawled on the smooth lawn, listening to jazz records on a portable phonograph.

Presently another aspect of the contrast was brought to our attention —which served also as an illumination of the pocket problem. Nudity, or the seminudity of a loin-cloth, has one great [illegible]back—there are no pockets. Of course, pockets don't necessarily follow from clothing, as any woman in the modern West well knows. But the absence of clothing does necessarily result in an absence of pockets. The men of Ifaluk and the women of the West, for their different reasons, thus share the problem of how to carry small useful objects of the sort that the Western male so conveniently stuffs in his pockets. The solution, in both cases, has been the purse. The men of Ifaluk always carried their purses with them—capacious, neatly woven affairs, which they put beside them when they sat down and tucked under their arms as they walked. What, we often wondered, were the contents of such a purse?

We got some insight, on this occasion, from Tony. After three or four records, he remarked to me that he thought the needle should be changed. I remembered we had come across needles in our unpacking, but for the life of me I couldn't remember where we had put them.

"Oh, that's all right," said Tony.

And he started to fish around in the depths of his purse. Presently he emerged with a small package and started to peel off the layers of wrappings of dried banana leaf, to disclose, finally, a paper of phonograph needles.

The answer to our question about the contents of the Ifalukian purse was clear—it might contain anything. Which I suppose would also be the answer in the case of the female purse of the West. Only Tony, carting his precious packet of needles from Ulithi to phonographless Ifaluk, seemed to have attained a state of preparedness hardly equalled by the White Knight. And yet, as Tony so triumphantly demonstrated, you never can tell!

I was, then, in no way surprised, a few days later, to have Tony pull

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293 a small tube of yellow oxide of mercury out of that same purse, and ask me what it was for. When I explained, he graciously gave the tube to Tom, who had granulated eye-lids.

000 On Sunday (it was the 5th of July by then) I was just contemplating a siesta after a hard morning of mapping, when the peace of the island was broken by cries of "sail-ho" picked up and relayed from the windward side of Falalap across to Falarik in no time at all. Bakal arrived almost as fast as the cries, all out of breath, with Tony soon after, to report that it was a big Navy ship with the number "39" on the prow. The busy crossroads again.

We got out the walkie-talkies, but all we could hear was the "testing," "testing" of one another. The ship wasn't talking. Maroligar dragged a brand new American flag out of the chest by the Fan Nap altar, passing over two tattered ones that had been lying on top, and with Don's help tried to get it on the flagpole, which had been considerably damaged by the typhoon. They finally achieved a sort of half-mast effect—to the considerable puzzlement of the ship's captain, it turned out later.

Ted decided not to let anything as routine as a Navy visit to Ifaluk interfere with his siesta. Don and I, less blasé, haunted the beach until the grey hulk of a destroyer emerged from behind Falalap to anchor off the pass. A small boat put off immediately. When it beached, it turned out to have several cases of equipment identifiable as belonging to Bob Rofen. The crew said there was more cargo aboard. Don hardly dared believe that this might include his missing equipment. He and I went back to the ship with the boat and there, sure enough, were Don's drums, so carefully and lovingly packed in Pacific Grove months before.

We went into the wardroom and had coffee with the officers and told them all about Ifaluk. We borrowed paper, envelopes and stamps to surprise our wives with letters. When Ted came aboard, bringing money, we bought as many cartons of cigarettes as we could at the ship's stores, but this was the only thing we could think of that might be useful. The Ifalukian consumption of cigarettes was enormous—every adult on the island had the nicotine habit—and we were the

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